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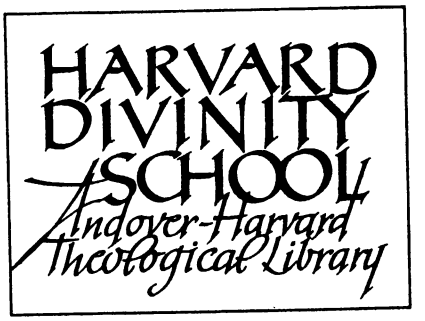

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1. Brightest and best of the Sons of the Morning.
2. Welcome happy Morning. (Easter.)
3. The faithful Shepherds. (Christmas.)
4. Amid the Fields. (Christmas.)
5. The Sun is sinking fast.
6. Daily, daily, sing the praises.
7. I heard the Voice of Jesus say.
8. Born of Mary, Lord of Glory. (Advent.)
9. Love Divine, all love excelling.
10. Glorious things of thee are spoken.
11. O Mother dear, Jerusalem.
12. Lord, dismiss us.
13. The Sower went forth sowing. (Harvest.)
14. The voice that breathed o'er Eden.
15. Jerusalem, my happy Home.
16. By the Cross. (Lent.)
17. The Saints of God.
18. Oh! the golden glowing morning. (Easter.)
19. Jerusalem the golden.
20. Hark! hark! my Soul.
21. Of the Father's love begotten. (Christmas.)
22. The roseate hues of early dawn.
23. Saviour, blessed Saviour.
24. Jesu, gentlest Saviour.

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TO E. L. W.

No. 1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning.

"We have seen His star in the east."

Andante. ♩ = 72.

mf

1. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our dark - ness, and lend us Thine aid! Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.
2. Say, shall we yield Him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dours of E - dom and off' - rings di - vine, Gems of the moun - tain and pearls of the o - cean, Myrrh from the for - est, and gold from the mine.

f

pp

Cold on His cra - dle the dew - drops are shin - ing, Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall; An - gels a - dore Him in
Vain - ly we of - fer each am - ple ob - la - tion, Vain - ly with gifts would His fa - vour se - cure; Rich - er by far is the

slum - ber re - clin - ing, Ma - ker and Mon - arch, and Sa - viour of all.
heart's a - do - ra - tion, Dear - er to God are the pray'rs of the poor.

Bright - - - - - - est, bright - - - - - est,

f *cres.* *ff*

Two Sopranos.

Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing,

f *ff*

bright - - - - est, bright - est . . morn - ing;

fff *dim.*

Dawn on our dark - ness and lend us Thine aid; Star of the

fff

East the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our

ff *f*

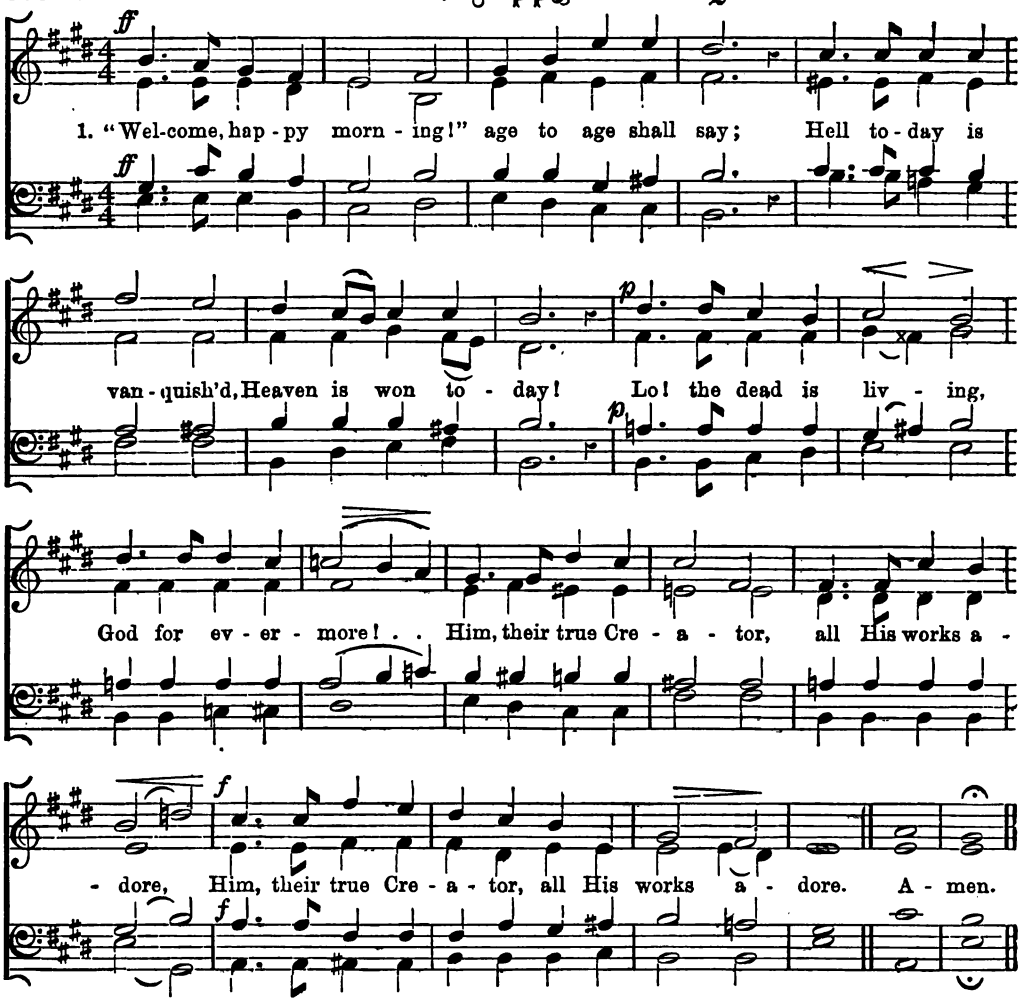
in - fant Re - deem - er is laid. A - men.

ff *f*

* Last verse only.

No. 2.

Welcome, happy morning!



2 Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts return'd with her returning King:
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now.

3 Months in due succession, days of length'ning light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky, and fields, and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee!

4 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.

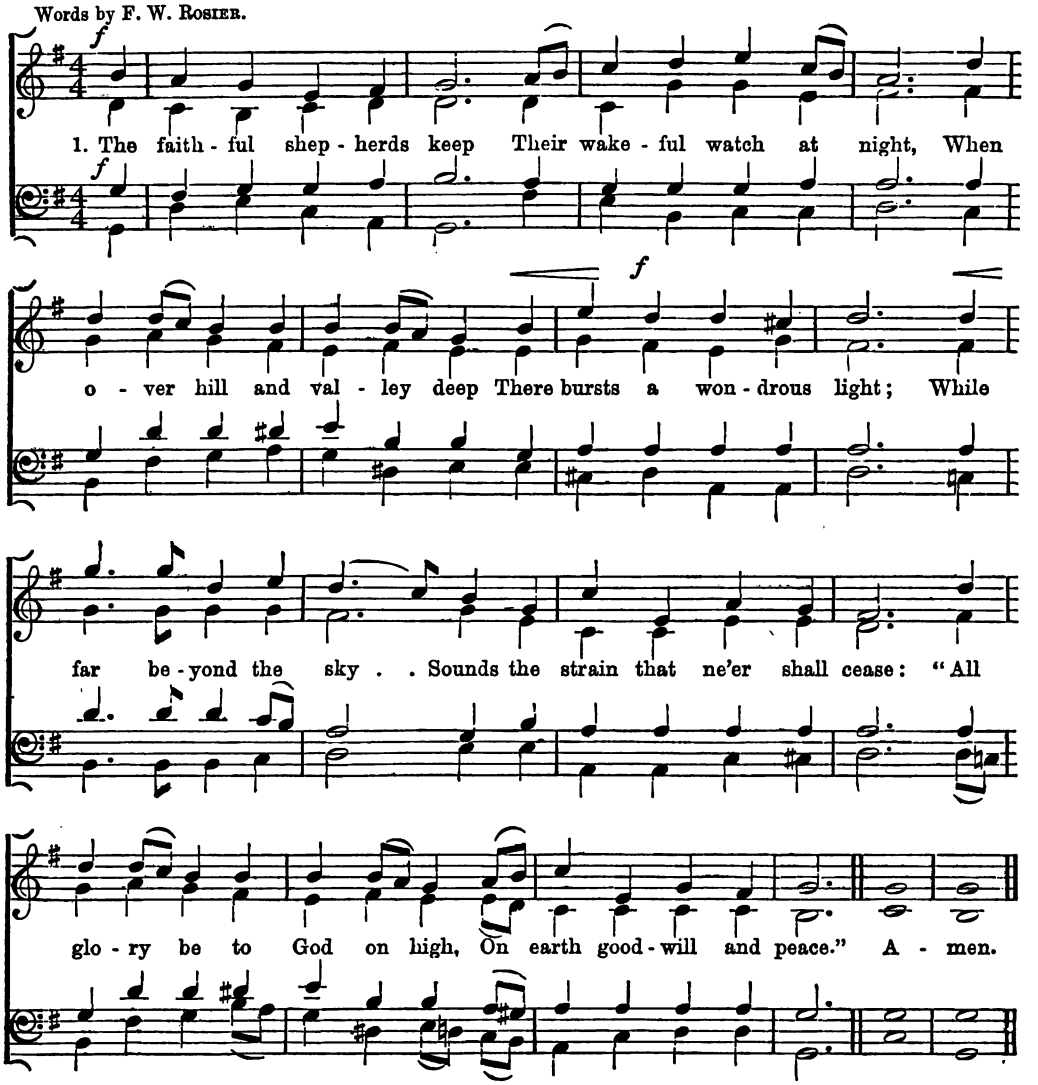
5 Thou of life the author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come, then, true and faithful, now fulfil Thy word,
'Tis Thine own third morning; rise, my buried Lord!

6 Loose the souls long prison'd, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen rise to life again;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,
Bring again our daylight; day returns with Thee. Amen.

No. 3.

The faithful shepherds.

Words by F. W. Rosier.



2 No earthly voice is heard,
So chilling are their fears,
When lo! the Angel of the Lord
In heavenly sheen appears!
While far, &c.

3 "Fear not," he cries, "but sing,
Rejoice with holy mirth;
Good tidings of great joy I bring,
To all the lands of earth!"
While far, &c.

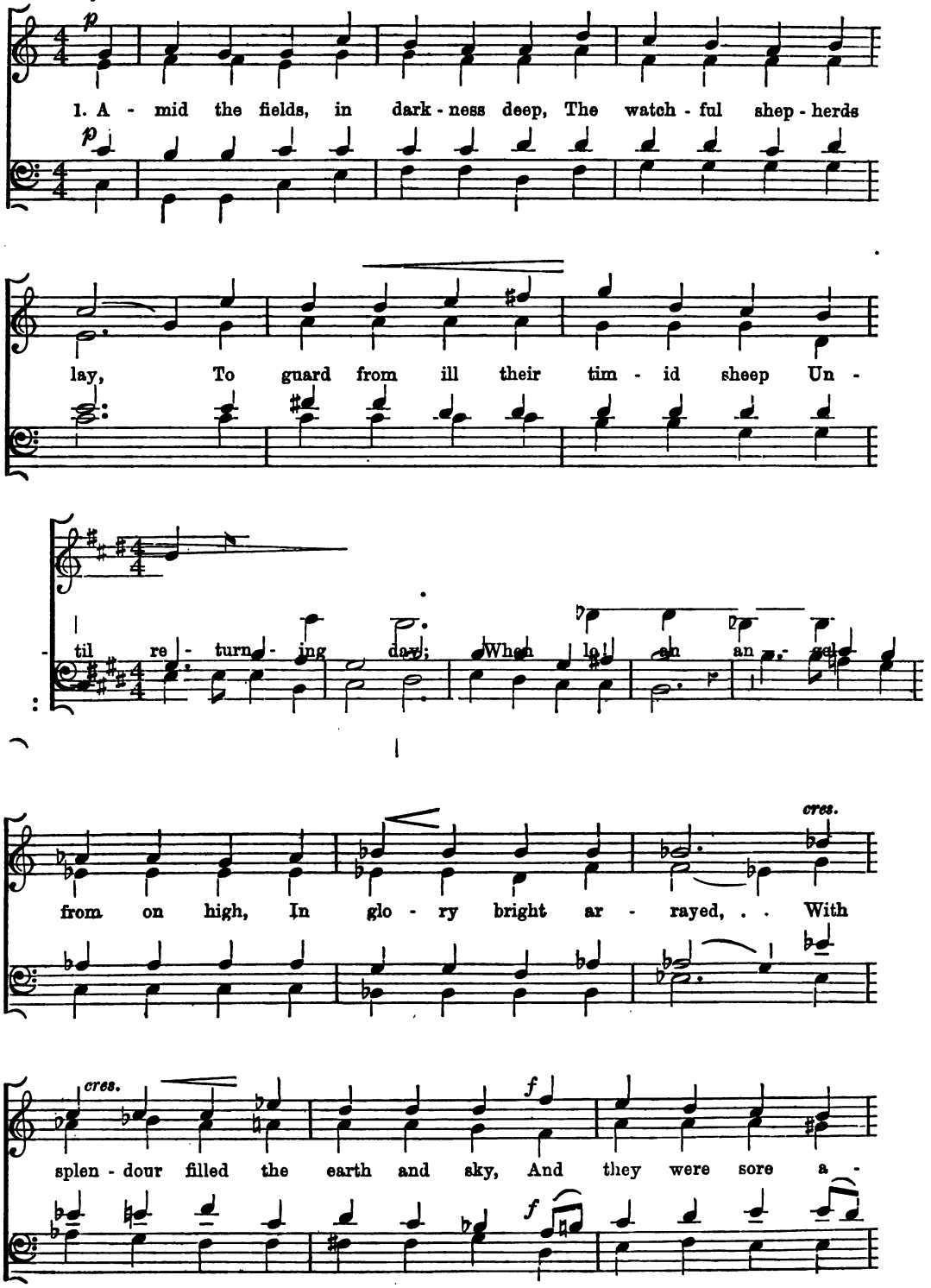
4 "Behold the glorious morn,
When the Incarnate Word,
In David's city now is born
The Saviour, Christ the Lord!"
While far, &c.

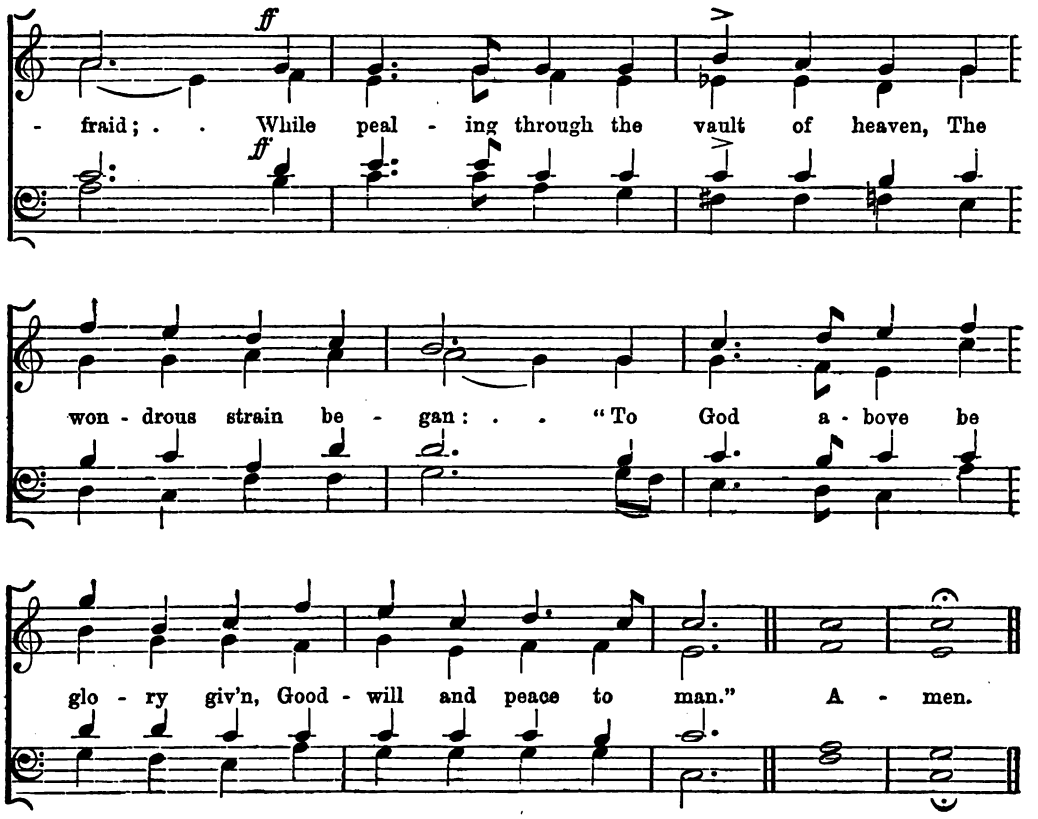
5 "And if a sign ye seek,
In swathing clothes arrayed,
The holy Child of whom I speak
Is in a manger laid."
While far, &c.

6 Then all the heavenly throng
Their angel voices raise,
To sing the everlasting song
Of great Jehovah's praise.
While far, &c.

No. 4. Amid the fields, in darkness deep.

Words by F. W. Rosier.





2 "Fear not!" he cried, with folded wing
And voice like trumpet call,
"Good tidings unto you I bring,
Of great joy unto all!
For unto you this blessed morn,
Is God's Incarnate Word,
In David's holy city born
The Saviour, Christ the Lord!"
And nearer 'neath the vault of heaven,
The wondrous chorus ran:
"To God above be glory given,
Goodwill and peace to man."

3 "And if from me a sign ye seek
In humble garb arrayed,
The heavenly Babe and mother meek
Are in a manger laid."
Then suddenly a multitude
Of angel voices rise
To praise the Author of all good,
Who rules o'er earth and skies.
And filling all the vault of heaven,
Again the chorus ran:
"To God above be glory given,
Goodwill and peace to man." Amen.

No. 5. The sun is sinking fast.

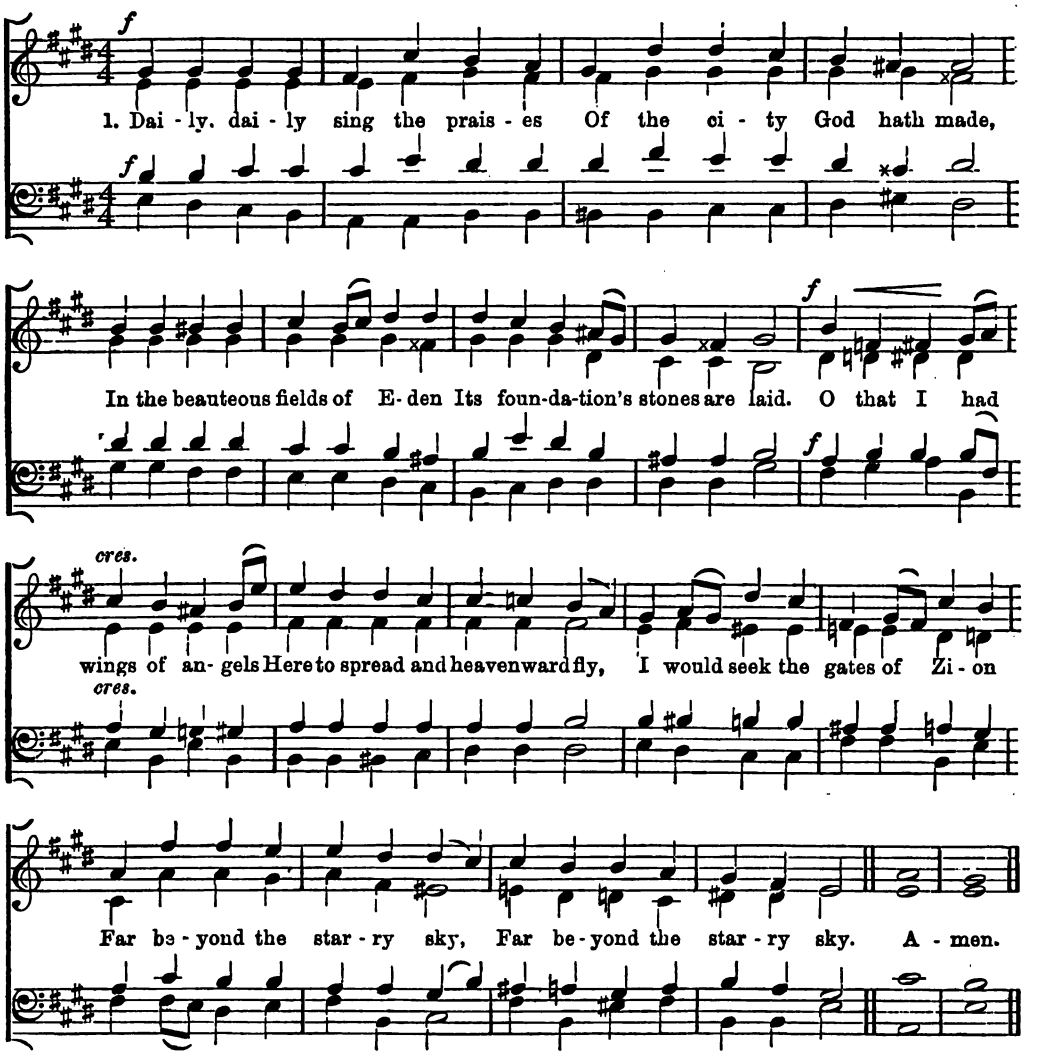
Andante. *pp*

1. The sun is sink - ing fast, . . The day - light dies; Let Let love a - wake, and pay Her ev'n - ing sa - cri - fice. As Christ up - on the cross His head in - clin'd, And to His Fa - ther's hands His part - ing soul re - sign'd. A - men.

2 So now herself, my soul,
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live.
So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast;

3 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.
O blessed Trinity!
One Lord divine!
Thine may I ever be,
And Thou for ever mine. Amen.

No. 6. Daily, daily sing the praises.



2 All the walls of that dear city
Are of bright and burnished gold;
It is matchless in its beauty,
And its treasures are untold.
O that I had wings, &c.

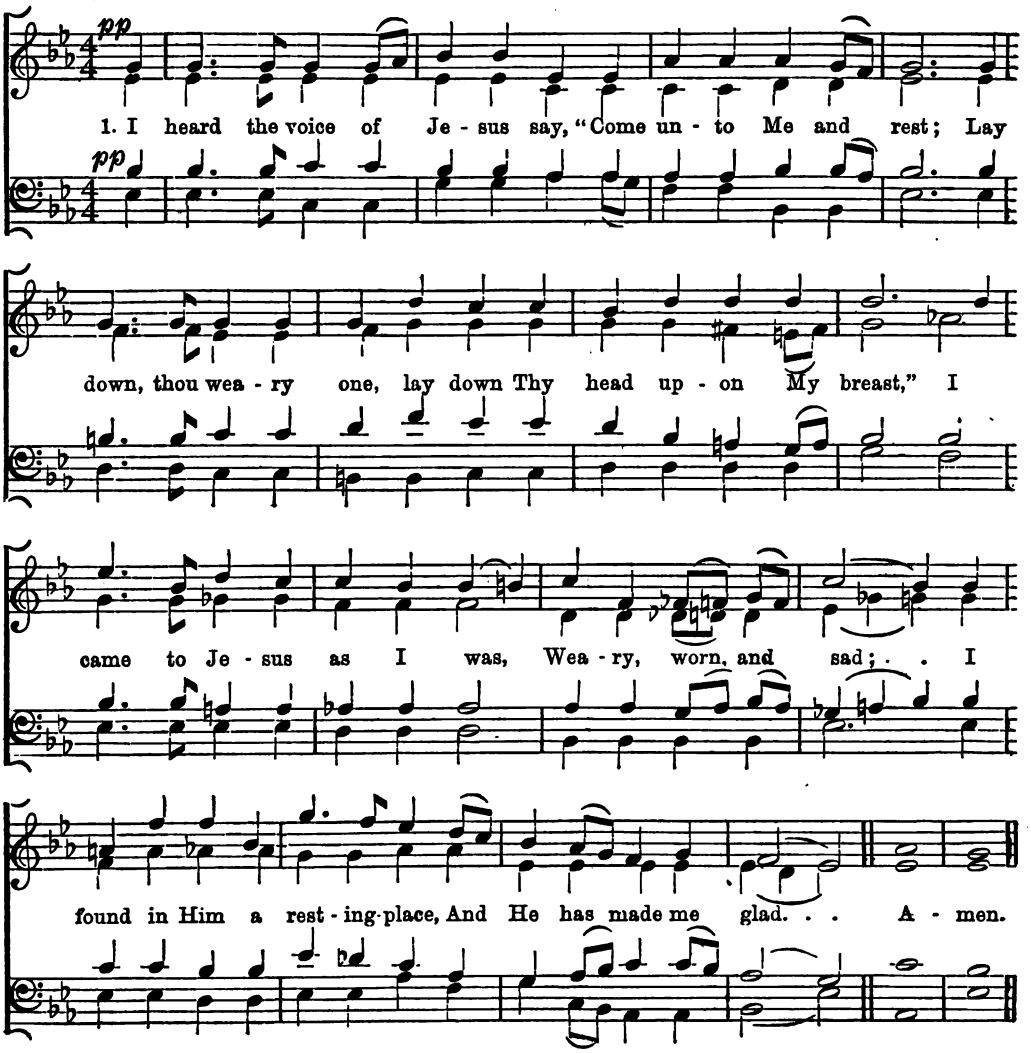
3 In the midst of that dear city
Christ is reigning on His seat,
And the angels swing their censers
In a ring about His feet.
O that I had wings, &c.

4 From the throne a river issues,
Clear as crystal, passing bright,
And it traverses the city
Like a beam of silver light.
O that I had wings, &c.

5 There the wind is sweetly fragrant,
And is laden with the song
Of the seraphs and the elders,
And the great redeemed throng.
O that I had wings, &c.

6 O I would my ears were open
Here to catch that happy strain!
O I would my eyes some vision
Of that Eden could attain!
O that I had wings, &c.

No. 7. I heard the voice of Jesus say.



2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold! I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live:"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright:"
I look'd to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done. Amen.

No. 8. Born of Mary.

Words by the Rev. G. Rider.

Andante.

pp

1. Born of Ma - ry, Lord of Glo - ry, Long fore - told in saint - ly

pp

sto - ry, Art Thou com - ing, Lord? Thro' the a - ges dim and hoa - ry, Wea - ry,

in the wine - press, go - ry, Bur - den of the . . Word. A - men.

2 To Thine own unknown, a stranger,
For Thine ancient throne, a manger,
Art Thou coming, Lord?
Sins of all Thy children bearing,
Signs of shameful bondage wearing,
Fulness of the Word!

3 Through the hosts of hell assailing,
Clad in bloody garments trailing,
Art Thou coming, Lord?
By the scorn of men upbraided,
On the cruel cross upraised,
Promise of the Word!

4 Lone, forsaken, fainting, dying,
On the tomb of Joseph lying,
Art Thou coming, Lord?
Breaking from Thy rocky prison,
On the blessed third day risen,
Brightness of the Word!

5 Once again for dead and living,
Thy tremendous judgment giving,
Thou art coming, Lord!
Clad in more than ancient glory,
While the highest heaven adore Thee,
Day-spring of the Word!

6 Who of men shall stand before Thee,
How shall shameful hearts implore Thee,
In Thy coming, Lord?
Who of all the wandering, grieving,
Dare to seek of Thee relieving,
O Incarnate Word?

7 In the clouds Thyself revealing,
Heart to heart in kindred feeling,
Thou art coming, Lord!
In perpetual interceding,
All Thy fainting children feeding,
Banquet of the Word!

8 All men bending for Thy blessing,
Death and hell Thy sway confessing,
In Thy coming, Lord!
O what rapturous exaltation
In Thy greatness of salvation,
Jesus Christ, the Word! Amen.

No. 9. Love divine, all love excelling.

1. *p* Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heaven to earth come down, Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown; Je - su, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art, Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev' - ry tremb - ling heart. A - men.

2 *p* Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,—
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

4 *f* Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in Thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise. Amen.

No. 10. Glorious things of thee are spoken.

Andante.

1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God;

He, whose word can - not be bro - ken, Form'd thee for His own a - bode.

On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?

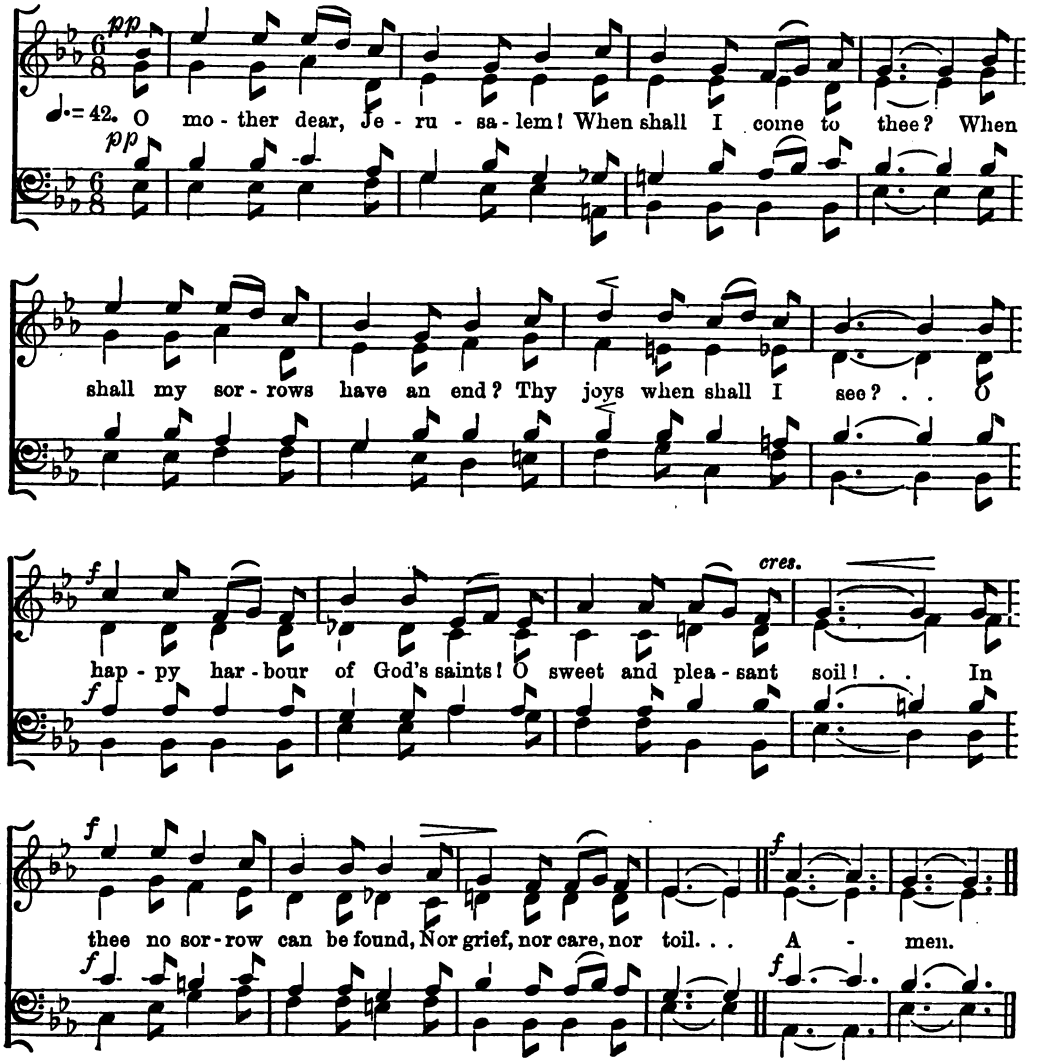
With sal - va-tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes. A - men.

2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t'assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.

4 Let the voice of all creation,
Earth and heaven's triumphant host,
Praise the God of our salvation,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
See the heavenly elders casting
Golden crowns before His throne;
Alleluias everlasting
Be to Him, and Him alone. Amen.

No. 11. O mother dear, Jerusalem!



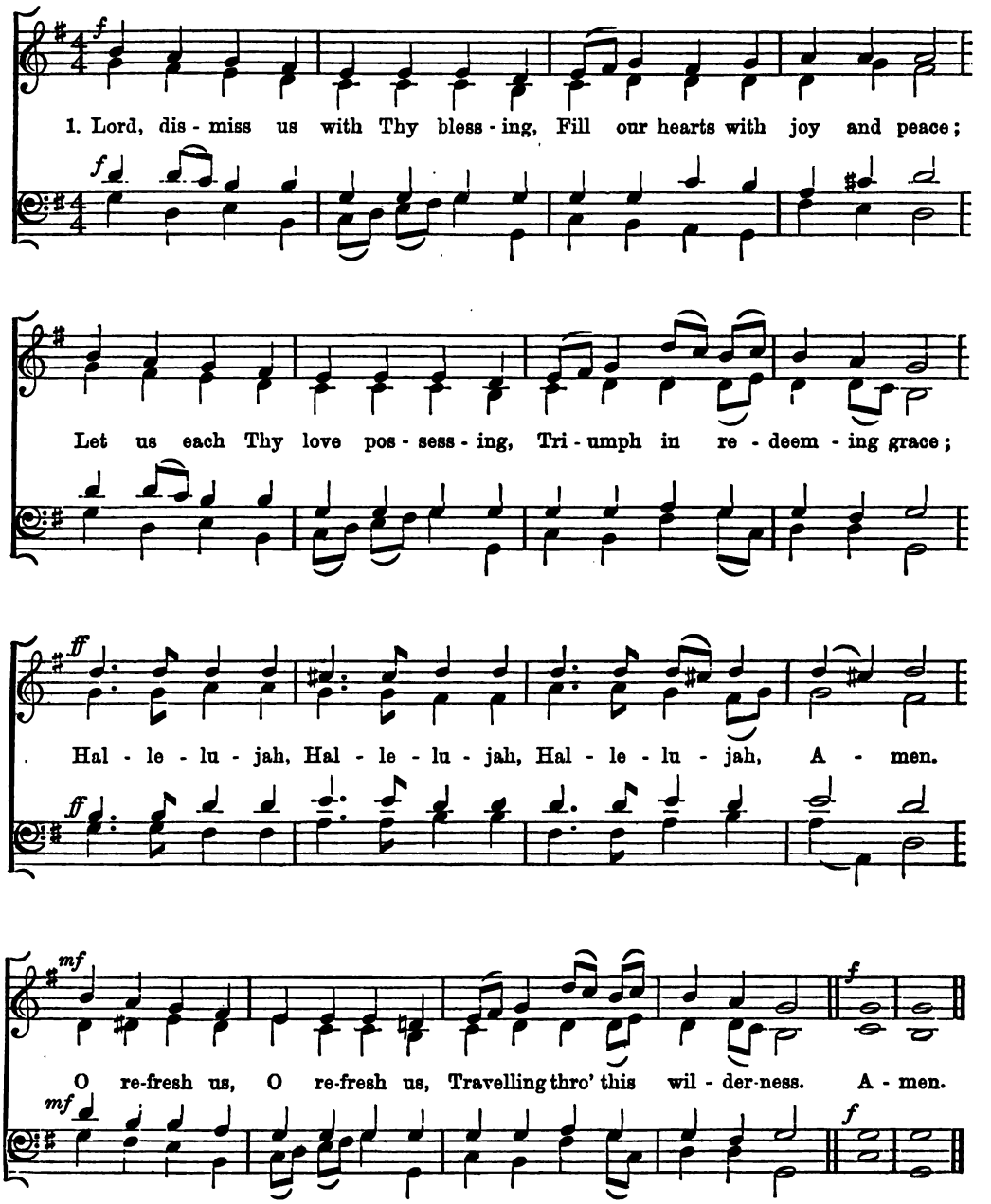
2 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God Himself gives light.
O my sweet home, Jerusalem!
Thy joys when shall I see?
The King that sitteth on thy throne,
In His felicity?

3 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.
Right through thy streets, with pleasing sound,
The living waters flow,
And on the banks on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

4 Those trees each month yield ripen'd fruit,
For evermore they spring,
And all the nations of the earth
To thee their honours bring.
O mother dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see? Amen.

NO. 12.

Lord, dismiss us.



2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound,
May the fruit of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, Amen.
May Thy presence, may Thy presence
With us evermore be found. Amen.

SIX HYMNS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

HARVEST.

No. 13. The Sower went forth sowing.

"Behold a Sower went forth to sow."

f *Andante.* ♩ = 100.

1. The sow - er went forth sow - ing, The seed in se - cret slept Through

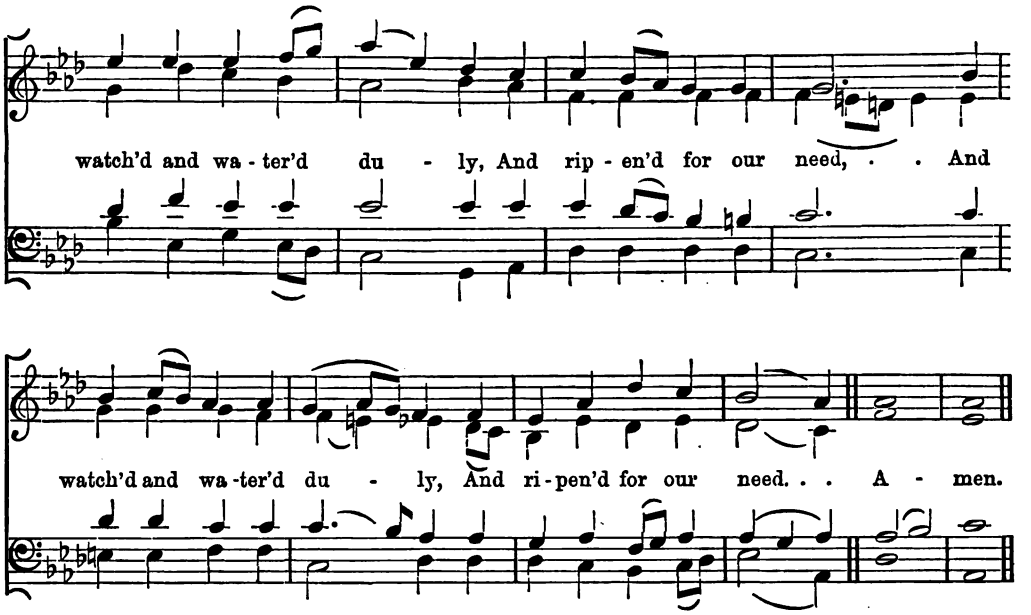
weeks of faith and pa - tience, Till out the green blade crept; And

warmed by gold - en sun - shine, And fed by sil - ver rain, . . At

last the fields were whi - tened To har - vest once a - gain. O

ff

praise the heaven - ly Sow - er, Who gave the fruit - ful seed, . . And



2.

Behold! the heavenly Sower
Goes forth with better seed,
The Word of sure salvation,
With Feet and Hands that bleed.
Here in His Church 'tis scattered,
Our spirits are the soil:
Then let an ample fruitage
Repay His pain and toil.
Oh, beauteous is the harvest
Wherein all goodness thrives,
And this the true thanksgiving,
The first-fruits of our lives.

3.

Within a hallowed acre
He sows yet other grain,
When peaceful earth receiveth
The dead He died to gain;
For though the growth be hidden,
We know that they shall rise:
Yea, even now they ripen
In sunny Paradise.
O summer land of harvest,
O fields for ever white,
With souls that wear Christ's raiment,
With crowns of golden light!

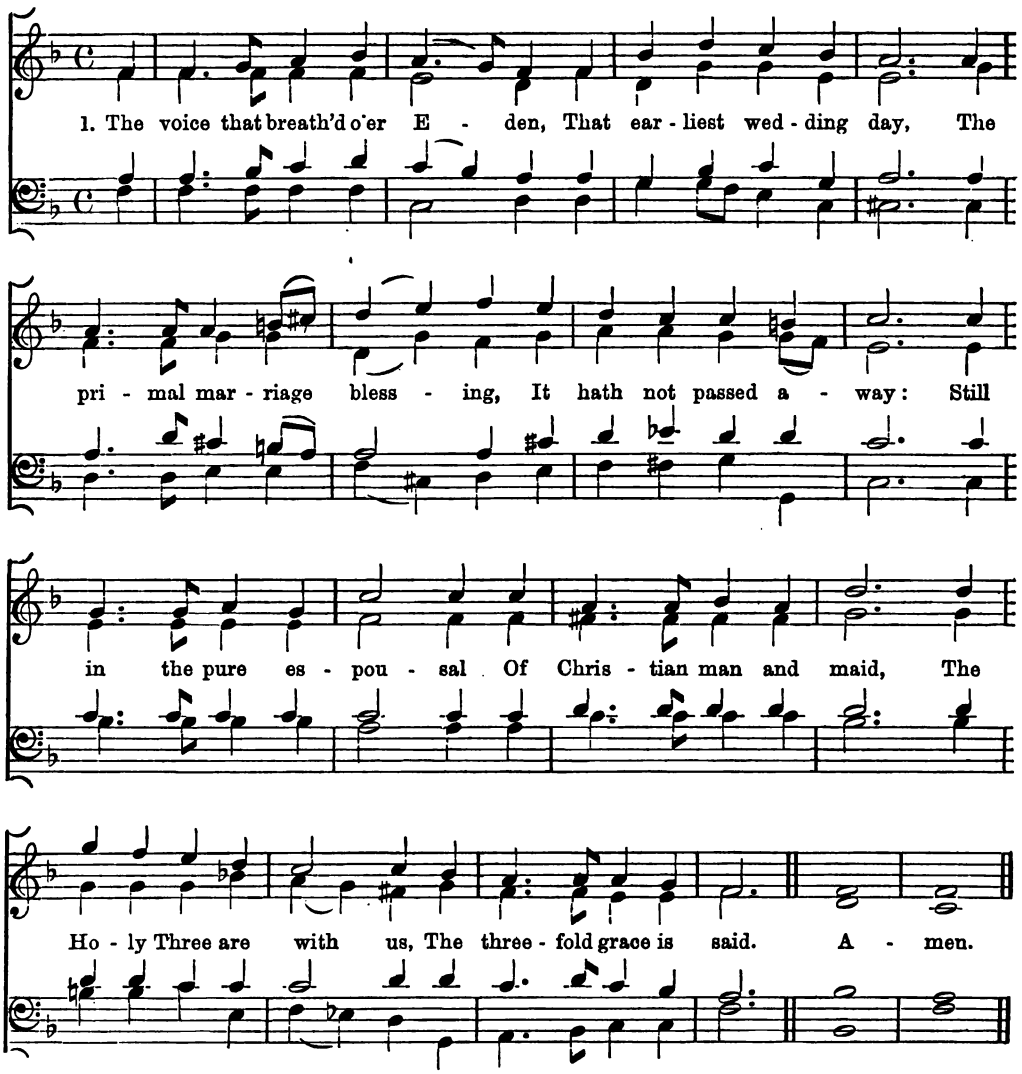
4.

One day the heavenly Sower
Shall reap where He hath sown,
And come again rejoicing,
And with Him bring His own!
And then the fan of judgment
Shall winnow from His floor
The chaff into the furnace
That flameth evermore.
O holy, awful Reaper,
Have mercy in the day
Thou puttest in Thy sickle,
And cast us not away. Amen.

HOLY MATRIMONY.

No. 14. The voice that breathed o'er Eden.

"A threefold cord is not quickly broken."



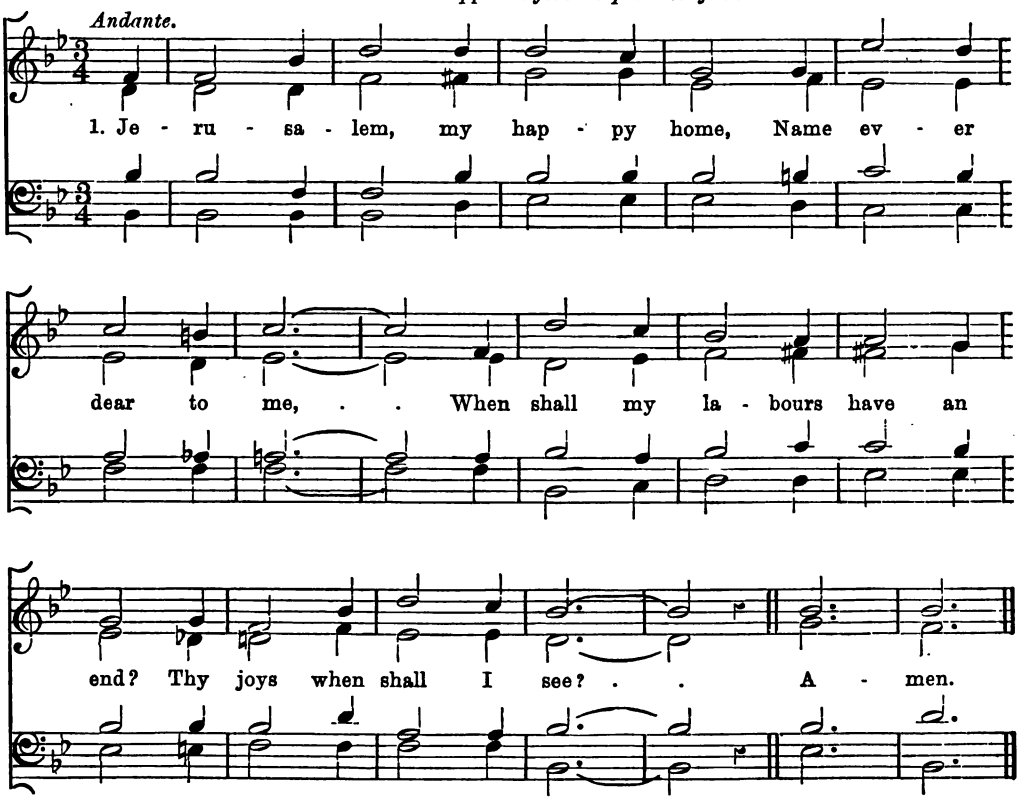
2 For dower of blessèd children,
For love and faith's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union
Which nought on earth may break,
Be present awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side;

3 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine Eternal bands;
Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou for Christ, the Bridegroom,
The heavenly Spouse dost seal.

4 O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine Altar
The hallowed path they trace,
To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise.
Amen.

No. 15. Jerusalem, my happy home.

"When shall I come to appear before the presence of God."



2.

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3.

Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets there
Around my Saviour stand;
And all I love in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

4.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my labours have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

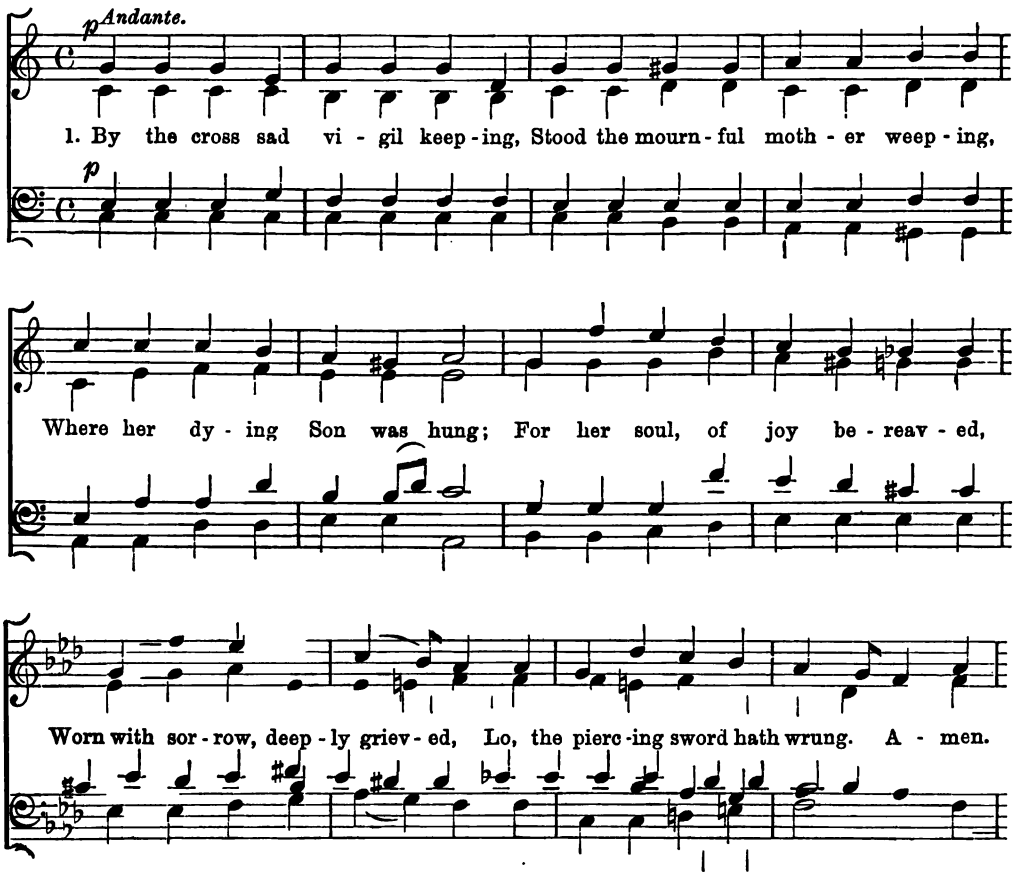
5.

O Christ, do Thou my soul prepare
For that bright home of love;
That I may see Thee and adore,
With all Thy Saints above. Amen.

LENT.

No. 16. By the Cross.

"A sword shall pierce through thine own soul also, that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed."



2.

Oh, how sad and sore distressèd,
Now was she, that mother blessèd
  Of the sole-begotten One!
Oh, how bitter her affliction,
There to see the crucifixion
  Of her own most glorious Son.

3.

Who, with Christ's fond mother gazing
On that anguish so amazing,
  Born of woman, would not weep?
Who, on Christ's fond mother thinking,
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
  Would not share her sorrows deep?

4.

For the offences of His nation,
She her Son in tribulation
  Saw, with thorns, with scourges rent:
Saw Him next from judgment taken,
Then in death by all forsaken,
  Till His spirit forth He sent.

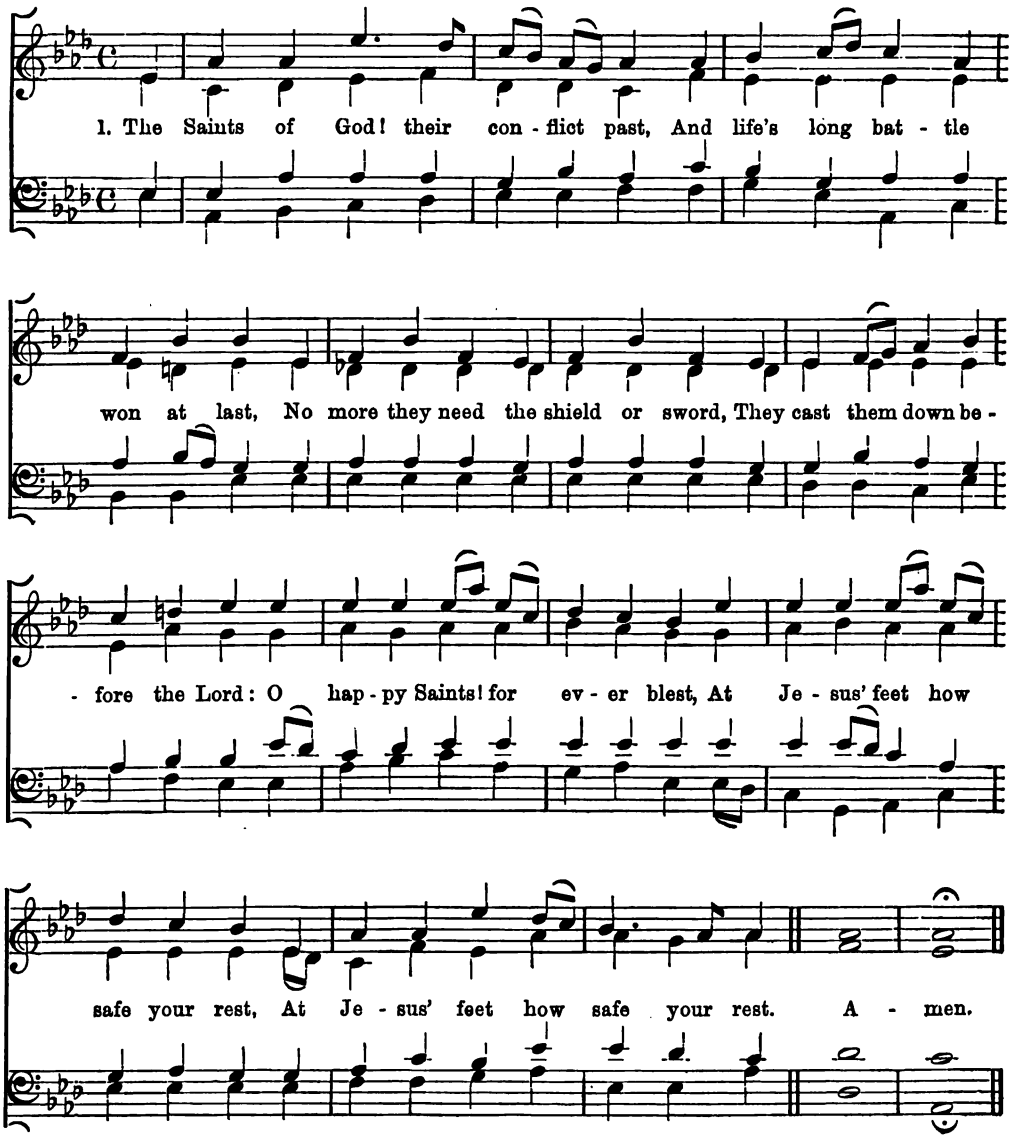
5.

Jesu, Lord, may such devotion
Stir in me the same emotion.
  Fount of Love, Redeemer blest;
That my heart, fresh ardour proving,
Thee my God and Saviour loving,
  May on Thee for ever rest. Amen.

No. 17.

The Saints of God.

"That they may rest from their labours."



2 The Saints of God! their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal:
O happy Saints! for ever blest,
In that dear home how sweet your rest!

3 The Saints of God, life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:
O happy Saints! for ever blest,
In that calm haven of your rest!

4 The Saints of God their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till from the dust they too shall rise
And soar triumphant to the skies:
O happy Saints! rejoice and sing:
He quickly comes, your Lord and King.

5 O God of Saints, to Thee we cry;
O Saviour, plead for us on high;
O Holy Ghost, our Guide and Friend,
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;
That with all saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with Thee. Amen.

EASTER.

TO H. D.

No. 18. Oh! the golden glowing morning.

Words by Geo. T. Rider.

Andante.

1. Oh, the gold - en glow-ing morn-ing, All the wait- ing earth a - dorn-ing, For this Eas - ter Day! To the King in all His splendour, Lord of life and death, We ren-der High-est lauds this day. Let the ban-ners float be - fore us, While we raise th' ex-ult - ing cho-rus, Christ is ris - en! He is ris-en! This is Eas-ter Day!

High- est lauds, ... He is ris - en! High - est lauds this Day!

2 Hark! the highest heavens ringing,
Hark! the quivering angels singing
"This is Easter Day!
No more grieving! no more sighing!
No more weeping! no more dying!
"Christ is King this day!"
With the blessed ones before us.
We will swell the heavenly chorus—
Christ is risen! He is risen!
This is Easter Day!

3 Shout aloud the wondrous story,
For the King in all His glory
Draweth nigh this day!
Vernal benediction giving—
Christ the Life—the Ever-living!
On this Easter Day!
Let the banners float before us
Send along the angel chorus—
Christ is risen! He is risen!
This is Easter Day.

4 On the Festal Altar glowing
Lo! the Paschal Emblems—showing
Forth this Easter Day!
Come with garlands, come with treasure,
Come with anthems' raptest measure
For this Easter Day!
How the bells are chiming o'er us
While we join the heavenly chorus!
Christ is risen! He is risen!
This is Easter Day!

5 Oh, that longed-for day of union,
When Thine own, in Thy communion,
Lord of Easter Day—
Into life eternal waking,
Celebrate—Thy love partaking—
Endless Easter Day!
For the joy that waits before us,
We will swell the angel chorus
Christ is risen! He is risen!
This is Easter Day.

SIX PROCESSIONAL HYMNS.

No. 19. Jerusalem the Golden.

"And the city was pure gold."

mf

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest, . Be -

mf

- neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest. I

know not, oh, I know not What joys a - wait us there, What

ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare. Je -

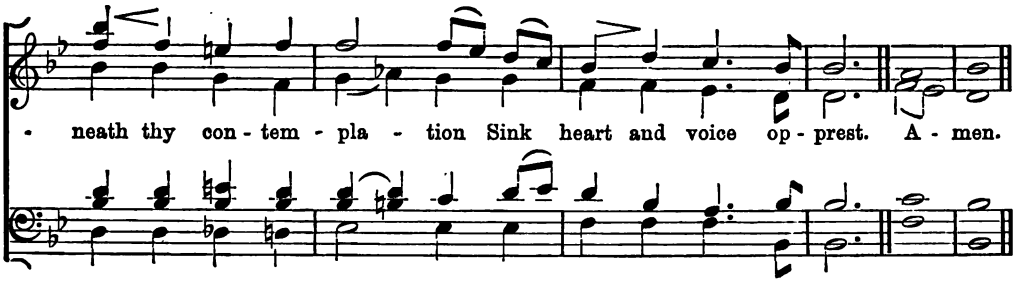
cres.

ru - - - - - - - sa - lem the gold - en,

ff

- ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest, Be -

ff



2.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an Angel,
And all the Martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.
Jerusalem the golden, &c.

3.

There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever,
Are clad in robes of white.
Jerusalem the golden, &c.

4.

O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest:
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever Blest.
Jerusalem the golden, &c.

No. 20.

Hark! hark, my Soul.

f

Hark! hark, my soul; An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green

f

fields, and o - cean's wave - beat shore: How sweet the truth . . those

bless - ed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

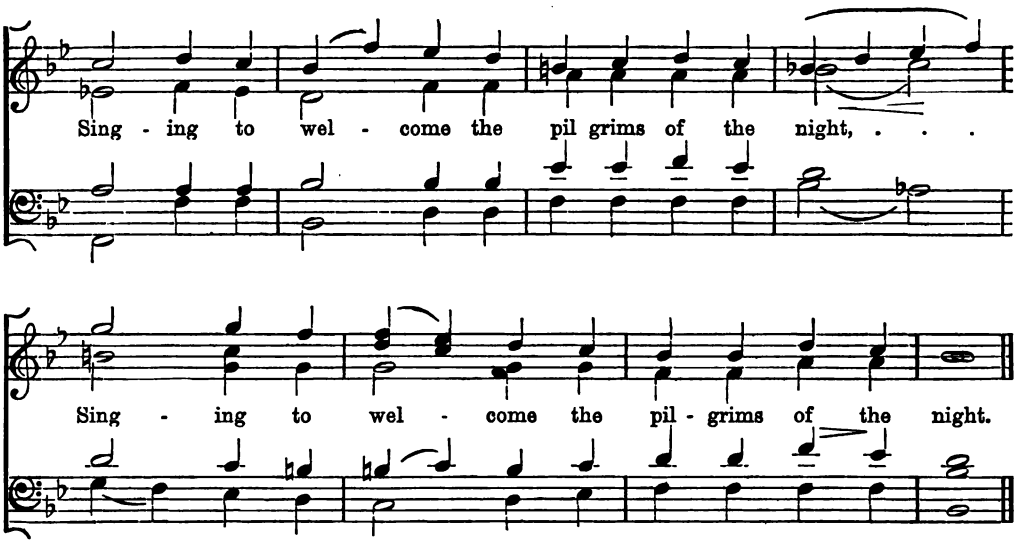
ff Sopranos and Altos.

An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the

pp Tenors and Basses.

ff

pil-grims of the night! An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light,



2.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
" Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come ; "
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

3.

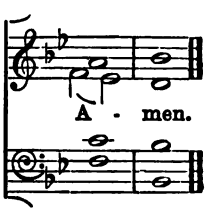
Far, far away, like bells of evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

4.

Rest comes at length ; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past ;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

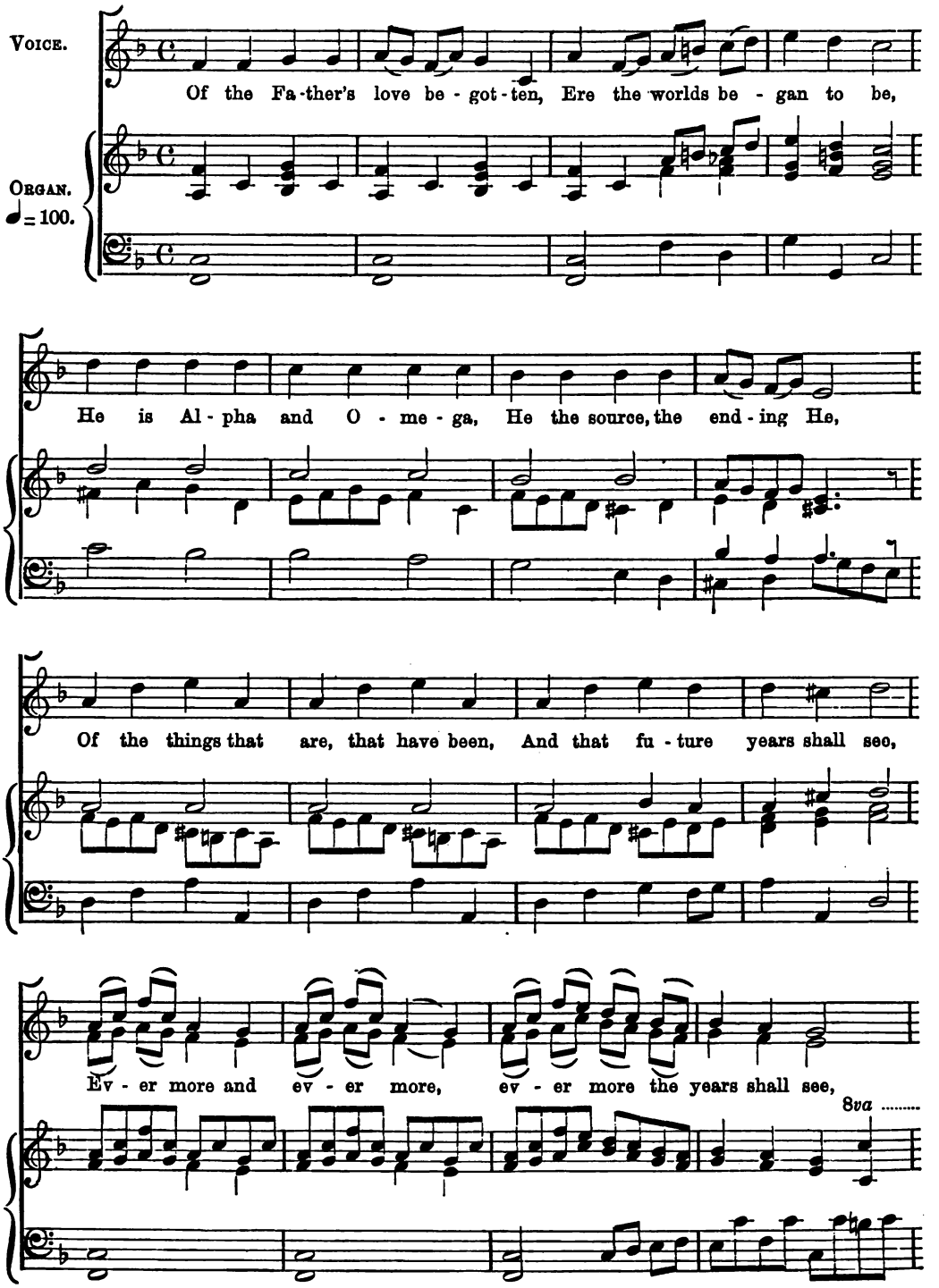
5.

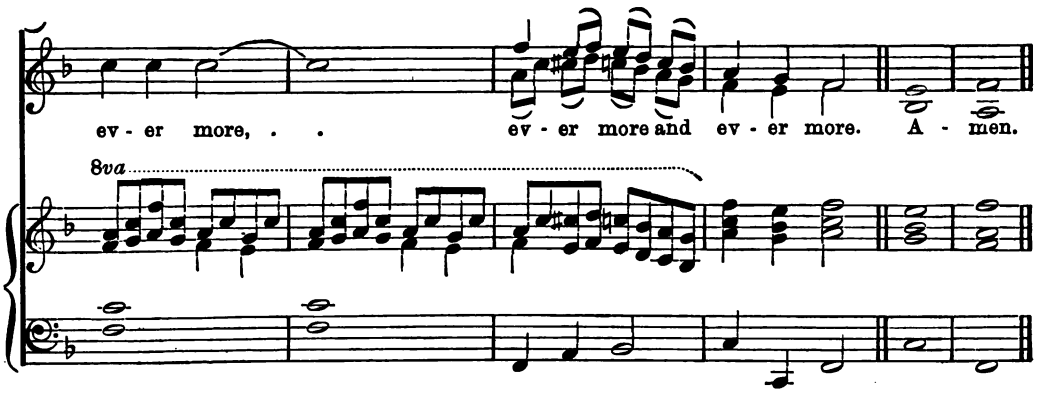
Angels, sing on ! your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above ;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.



CHRISTMAS.

No. 21. Of the Father's Love begotten.





2.

O that Birth for ever blessèd !
When the Virgin, full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,
Bare the Saviour of our race,
And the Babe, the world's Redeemer,
First revealed His sacred Face,
Evermore and evermore, &c.

3.

This is He Whom seers in old time
Chanted of with one accord ;
Whom the voices of the Prophets
Promised in their faithful word ;
Now He shines, the long expected ;
Let creation praise its Lord,
Evermore and evermore, &c.

4.

O ye heights of heaven, adore Him ;
Angel-hosts, His praises sing ;
All dominions, bow before Him,
And extol our God and King ;
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
Every voice in concert ring,
Evermore and evermore, &c.

5.

Righteous Judge of souls departed,
Righteous King of them that live,
On the Father's throne exalted
None in might with Thee may strive :
Who at last in vengeance coming
Sinners from Thy Face shalt drive.
Evermore and evermore, &c.

6.

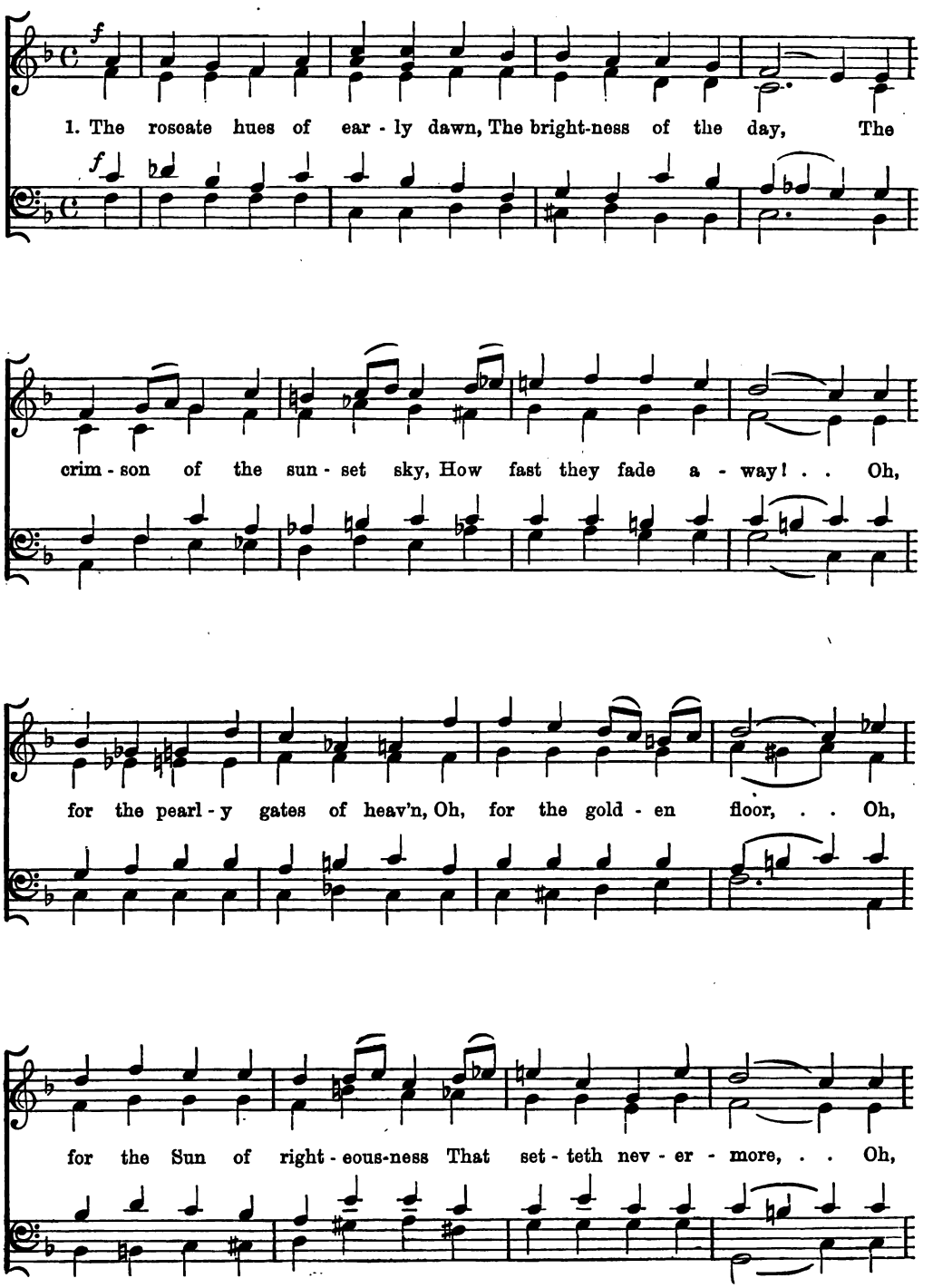
Thee let old men, Thee let young men
Thee let boys in chorus sing ;
Matrons, virgins, little maidens,
With glad voices answering ;
Let their guileless songs re-echo,
And the heart its praises bring.
Evermore and evermore, &c.

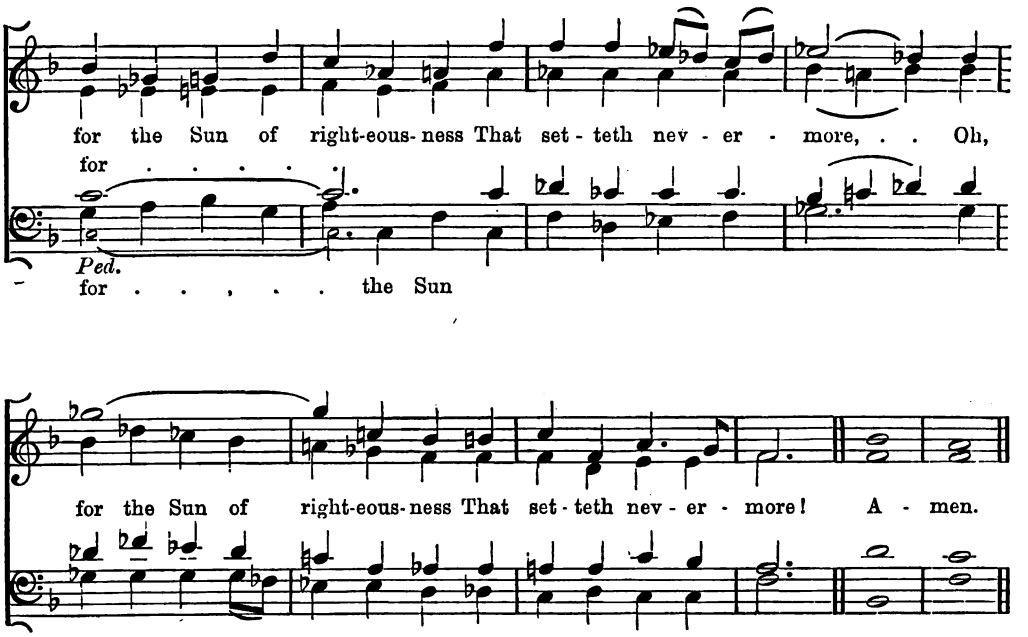
7.

Christ, to Thee, with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be,
Honour, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore, &c. Amen.

No. 22. The Roseate Hues of Early Dawn.

"The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."





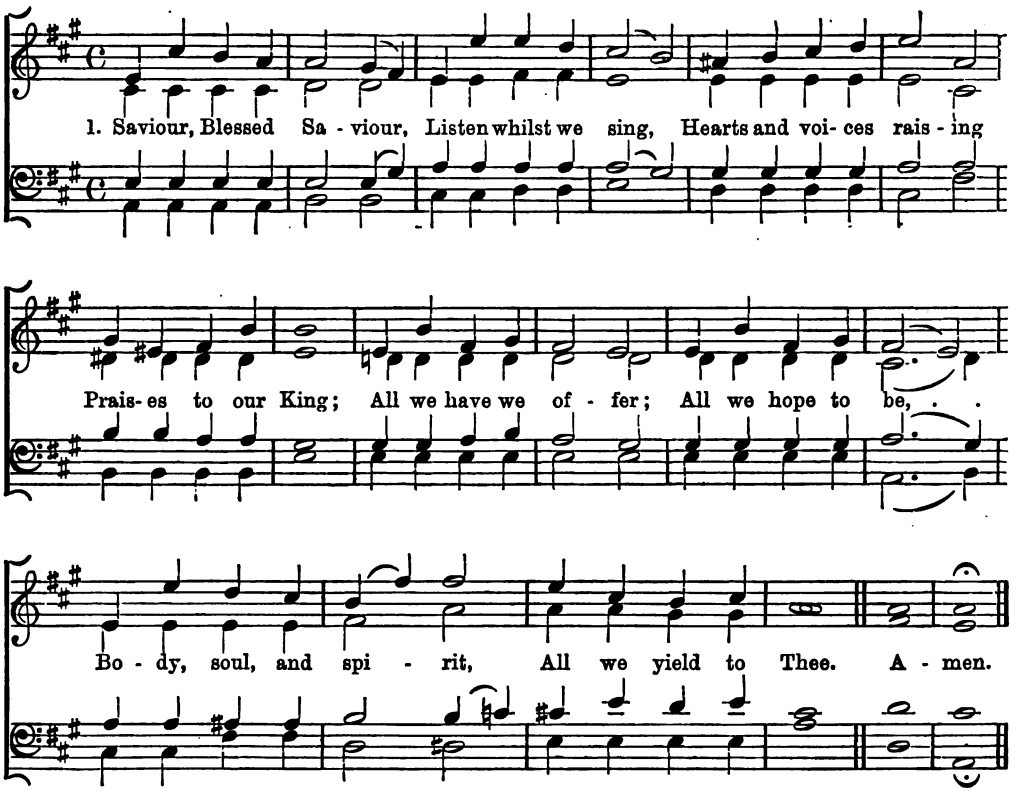
2.

The highest hopes we cherish here,
  How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
  That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh, for a heart that never sins,
  Oh, for a soul washed white,
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
  Nor weary day nor night!

3.

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
  And grace to lead us higher:
But there are perfectness, and peace,
  Beyond our best desire.
Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
  And by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
  Nor cast away our crown. Amen.

No. 23. Saviour, Blessed Saviour.



2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee;
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain or sorrow,
Toil, or care, is known,
Where the Angel-legions
Circle round Thy Throne.

4 Dark and ever darker
Was the wintry past,
Now a ray of gladness
O'er our path is cast;
Every day that passeth,
Every hour that flies,
Tells of love unfeigned,
Love that never dies.

5 Clearer still and clearer
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sin forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

6 Brighter still and brighter
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, Blessed Saviour,
Find a rest at last.

7 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

8 Bliss, all bliss excelling,
When the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Finds its promised goal;
Where in joys unheard of
Saints with Angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King. Amen.

No. 24. Jesu, gentlest Saviour.

Andante.

Je - su, gen - tlest Sa - viour, Thou art in us now,

Fill us with Thy Good - ness, Till our hearts o'er - flow.

Mul - ti - ply our gra - - ces, . . Chief - ly love and fear, . .

And, dear Lord, the chief - est, . . Grace to . . per - se - vere. A - men.

2.

Oh, how can we thank Thee
For a Gift like this,
Gift that truly maketh
Heaven's eternal bliss!
Ah! when wilt Thou always
Make our hearts Thy home?
We must wait for heaven;
Then the day will come. Amen.

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